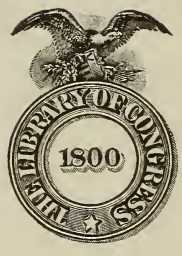
In Memoriam



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From Edsall Esq
With Kind Regards of
J. S. T.

Civil War

Memorial

OF

THOMAS S. THORP, Jr.

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AT THE

RESIDENCE OF HIS FATHER,

WASHINGTON AVENUE,

BROOKLYN,

ON

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1867,

Thomas S. Thorp, Jr.

Aged 25 years, 3 months, 7 days.

Addresses at the Funeral,

IN

CLINTON AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

MARCH 9, 1867.

Address of his Pastor,

Rev. W. I. BUDINGTON, D. D.

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

These words of the Psalmist, become ours to-day. There are times, and this is one of them, when calamities seem to swallow us up, when they descend upon us from above and rise up from beneath. Calamity meets calamity, heaven is obscured, and every earthly prospect is cut off. It is like the meeting of the waters as in the conception of the Psalmist, floods swelling from

beneath and pouring from above, and no hope for the little tempest-enveloped bark. But there *is* hope; much remains, all remains, God is left us! "The Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with us." God is our Refuge and Strength, an ever present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

This is our comfort to-day, and all our comfort; when we look before us and see what death has done; when we look back and think what a day has brought forth, our hearts die within us, we refuse to be comforted, we are ready to despair. Take from us faith, faith in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus, and you take from us all we have to-day. You leave us unprotected to the fury of a storm we can neither bear nor

flee from; we can only wish we had never been born.

It is hard for us to realize the bereavement that has befallen us, hard for us all, and especially for me. Day before yesterday my eyes were gladdened by the sight of my dear native land, after an absence of eight months. My heart was tremulous with joy, in anticipation of meeting the friends to whom the parting word was said last midsummer. Among these was one whose countenance was like a burst of sunlight, and the pressure of whose hand I can still feel in mine. He was amongst the last to bid me good-by. His farewell words lingered long in memory, so sweet were they in tone, so full were they in meaning; he came bringing flowers, the richest, the purest, and best of the Summer; emblems of his own beautiful nature, and alas! that I must add, how little I thought it at the time, emblems of his own frailty—like the flowers he has also passed

away. I thought, as I looked upon him, that I had never seen a more amiable youth, nor yet a happier, and I think so still. I never saw a young man more gifted in person, in mind, and character, all-combined, than THOMAS S. THORP, Jr.

But months had passed since I saw him. I had heard nothing of his failing health, nothing of the cloud that had gathered over his fine and sensitive intellect. I was leaning over the ship's side to catch the first words of friendly greeting from the dock, to ask if all were well, and I was told *he was dead!* At first I could not, I would not make out the words; and when these were so distinctly spoken as to be no longer doubtful, I could not put meaning into the words. But the strange and stern truth is out at last; we all know it; our dear young friend, THOMAS S. THORP, Jr., is dead.

His pure spirit has flown, the graceful and rising column of his life is broken off, his lofty aspirations have shot on to a higher sphere, and

what new development he is taking on is hidden from our sight.

It is now about twelve years since I first knew him, then a boy of thirteen. A stranger myself in Brooklyn, I had my attention called to him by his Sunday School Teacher, who said to me one day, that "TOMMY THORP was concerned about his sins," and "what they are," added his Teacher, "I am sure I cannot imagine, for I never saw a fault in him." This was the first remark about young THORP which I ever heard ; it impressed me at the time and has remained with me ever since, for it is the testimony which has long since been given of him by all that knew him. I have heard it repeated to me to-day, by one whose knowledge of him was most intimate, his employer for the last eight years, who told me that during that time he never had a fault to lay to his charge. It was a rare instance of a beautiful life growing up evenly from a beautiful root in early childhood. When he became a Chris-

tian as he did by profession in 1860, there was little or no change in outward deportment, for there was room for none. He grew rapidly, however, in grace, and strength, and dignity of character, during the last two years. With opening manhood, trials came, and most manfully did he bear them ; while he suffered he rejoiced, while he strove he grew. It was the development of a strong will as well as graceful manhood. They who knew most of the workings of his heart, honored and admired him most. There was the blending in him of qualities which, if not opposite, are often found apart. He was ambitious and yet unselfish, gentle but heroic, sensitive and tender, but courageous and of soldierly endurance. I have it from an officer of the Twenty-third Regiment, who was with him in Pennsylvania, when our militia were suddenly called upon to repel the rebel invasion of that State, that slight as he was of figure, and all unused to the severities of forced marches, he

never fell behind, but without murmur or complaint, in hunger, wet, and cold, he marched with the foremost.

There was something in this blending of the masculine and feminine virtues in him which made him a favorite in all companies, and awakened admiration in opposite quarters. He was so unselfish that if I were to select out one trait from all the rest, it would be this, he was never so happy, his radiant face never so radiant, as when he was making others happy, and partaking of a glee to which he himself had imparted the greater part. It was this that made him so willing and happy a laborer in the Atlantic Avenue Mission School. For years, in season and out of season, he worked in that humble field, and spared not himself, finding his reward in the joy his work gave him. It was beautiful to see his hearty enjoyment of the children's delight in their annual excursion, to which he contributed so much. To one who said to him on an anni-

versary day, what a hard day this is for Teachers, he replied with a look of surprise, "how can you say so! what can be more delightful than to witness such happiness, and among so many?"

Of late he had been deeply interested in the Young Men's Christian Association, giving to it his time and sympathy and warmest affections. He rejoiced in every effort for self-culture by young men; he longed with a brother's longing for the spiritual well-being of his comrades. He gave most beautiful exhibitions of affectionate concern for his fellow-clerks; some here present can bear witness to his faithful love, some, peradventure, who owe to him their present hopes of everlasting life. The late Convention, at Albany, of the Young Men's Christian Association, was attended by him, and was to him a season of the highest enjoyment and sublimest hope. He came back to us all aglow with holy enthusiasm. He had not only large expectations of good to come from that Association, but he believed he

stood upon the precincts of a new era; he thought he saw the rosy feet of a new day, for the Church and for Christian young men, already upon the mountains in the East. He believed that the enthusiasm of youth would be consecrated to Christ and the Church; and he expected, as he prayed, that the predicted glory of the latter day would begin with the young. I shall never forget, I do not think the members of this Church will ever forget, the prayers and exhortations that fell, or rather rose, from his lips at the weekly prayer meeting. I was astonished at their intellectual power; I was subdued by their spiritual beauty.

If all this be true, you will ask, why was such an one taken, and taken, too, in such a way? Alas! I do not know. I shall not even attempt to solve the mystery; be it enough for me to know God has done it! He shrouds His ways, many of them, in thickest folds of darkness; and we will believe, not in spite of our ignorance,

but *because* of it, that the secret is both too great and too good for us, that it is a secret of love! But it is not all mystery, there are some things to be seen and to be learned, and these things let us learn all the more carefully, because there are other things we cannot know, and cannot even conjecture.

1. The first is, God is not dependent upon you, or me, or upon any one else, to carry out His work; He can dispense with the purest and best servants He has on the earth; however necessary they seem to us, they are not necessary to Him. God seems to us, as we look at things, prodigal in the expenditure of his means; he appears strangely to remove the ornaments of His building, and weaken its buttresses. It has passed into a proverb, "that the good die early." At the very least this occurs often enough to show us that God does not need them for the integrity of His plans, nay, that it subserves His purposes to remove them. God is teaching us,

how often and in how many ways, to look to Him, and not to the instrument He uses! God lives, and therefore his cause shall live, not only when his servants die, but because, like His Son, they die!

2. Another lesson. He has uses for his children elsewhere. Let us not doubt it; we cannot doubt it. We speak of the loss to the world when such as he die, and we speak well. But we do not speak, and cannot, of the countervailing good to which they are called. There may be services so much higher than these of ours on earth, that it is only promotion, a utilizing of wasting energies, when a servant of God is summoned into the spiritual sphere; and as to the mode of the summons, by whatsoever chariot, of fire or of pain, the transfer is made, by the slow wasting away of consumption, or suddenly by the flash and ball of the pistol, by disease of body, or by disease of mind—he may be sure God has some lesson to teach, some law but partly known and

often broken. He would have men know and reverence His laws. Let it not seem strange to you, then, that He who spared not His own Son, but gave Him up to death by crucifixion, should have purposes of His own, and grave ones, to answer, which shall require His servants to die, and die most painfully. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord."

3. We learn that, in this life, evil is bound up in good, most strangely and inscrutably; that death hides itself in life. Had our young friend been less gifted, less energetic, less self-forgetful and heroic, less filled with high and Christian aspiration, he had probably been living now! He overtasked himself, and this was the cause of his death; he overworked his highly sensitive nature. He was like a sensitive plant, he felt what he felt in every pore and fibre. Every feature of his countenance spoke not less than his tongue; he knew of no excellence that he did not aspire after, and his efforts were most costly and

unceasing; he had no spare,—hours by night and by day all were appropriated to some good use for himself or for others.

He regretted, at times very deeply, the loss of a liberal education, for which at one time he was destined, and he tried by extra labor to make up for the loss; he sought the society of intellectual young men, shared in their generous aims, and became an active member of clubs whose animating purpose was self-improvement. Meantime, along with this, he intermitted no effort in the line of his daily calling. Trying to do all things well, he essayed to do the best things in the best possible way.

When I recall his earnest and feeling face, when I see before me his slender and agile form swaying to the breeze of every emotion, when I recall the echoes of his departed voice, and they live again in my memory, soulful and quivering with life, I say to myself the work of death has already begun in him, he is living too intensely,

this cannot last, there will be a rebound, a collapse must come. I say it *now*, I did not say it *then;* alas! that we did not, but we could not. It was hidden from us, and it is the province of omniscience alone to foresee with certainty such results. But God has taught us what nothing less costly, perhaps, would have taught us; we shall be the wiser, the world and the church the better for it!

That overburdened nature came to a sudden pause—a strange, dark cloud, little by little, began to settle upon his mind. There was nothing in all the horizon of his future to occasion it, nothing that any friendly eye could discern, no sign of the coming storm, as big as a man's hand; on the contrary, his outlook upon life was never fairer. He himself said he could not understand what ailed him. There was no cause that he could assign for his melancholy; still, a strange oppression he could neither reason against nor throw off, was brooding over him; he was

seen sitting in solitary places, holding his head in his hands; when spoken to, he would always answer, sometimes naturally and with an effort to smile, at other times meekly and patiently but with sad hopelessness. The truth was, God had somehow touched the secret spring of mental health within him; the malady was unseen, unknown; human wisdom and love could not remove it. He knew that he was surrounded by troops of friends, that he was the recipient of the prize he had most coveted in life, the dear love of her he loved best. He used to say he would give worlds if he could rid himself of the oppression that bore him down as with a mountain's weight. He seemed to say

> "The sunshine is a glorious birth,
> And yet I know, where'er I go,
> That there has passed away a glory from the earth."

I find written in his pocket memorandum book the following lines:

"Why should I live? Do I not know
The life of man is full of woe,
Toiling on, and on, and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies;
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one.
The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness."

The lesson of it all is not to over-work,—not to over-work even in the best line of things, and notwithstanding that, in a world like this, there are too few workers and too much that waits to be done. God has drawn a line athwart the path of all, and says to each, thus far shalt thou come and no farther. If we go beyond we suffer, it may be fatally, although we do it ignorantly, in unbelief, and with the best motives. The brightest intellect, like that of HUGH MILLER, becomes a darkened ruin. We in this age, and let

me add in this country, and especially in this metropolis, need the caution; we are living too fast, and many an earnest and sensitive nature is overtasked.

Let us learn, also, a lesson of charity for one another, of sympathy and thoughtful consideration for the young. Let us learn to reverence these bodies of ours; they are wonderfully made, complex and delicate to the last degree. The anatomist will show you that life and health are dependent upon little threads of gossamer fineness; and this is but an emblem of our spiritual nature, the most delicate as it is the sublimest of all God's handiwork. Let us, then, reverence the nature God has given us, and fear to sin against it. Let us cultivate moderation of desire,—a temperance which moderates and controls effort within the limits assigned by the Providence and Word of God!

Remarks

OF

Rev. EDWIN JOHNSON,

OF

BALTIMORE, MD.

Little needs to be added—nothing by me can be added—to render more complete the picture, or more impressive the sentiments, which the words of my brother have brought before us. I owe the sad privilege of being here, in part to the fact that there was doubt, at the time I was summoned, whether he would arrive in season for the funeral service. A doubt happily soon removed. But since I stand in the relation of warm friendship to these stricken families, I am glad to be here that I may mingle my sympathy with the great current of sympathy that seeks to afford to them some support, and

that I may offer my humble tribute of respect and love at the grave of him whom we mourn.

My acquaintance with him was not long, but affection and confidence were plants of quick growth in so genial an atmosphere as that which he breathed around him. He was so full of sunshine that his face and character were photographed forever upon the memory and hearts of each one whom he met and who was sensitive to the impress. Greeted by him at the close of a service in this house last Summer, and walking with him in pleasant converse under the foliage that then wove its friendly screen over the Avenue, I felt my soul knit to his, as the soul of JONATHAN was knit to DAVID'S. His spiritual nature seemed to me to fill and over-fill the frail bodily framework in which it was lodged. It beamed full-orbed from his eyes, gave earnestness to the tones of his voice, and warmth to the pressure of his hand. His body seemed to think and to be fraught with unselfish feeling.

I could not better set forth my conception of his character than by quoting the list of qualities which the apostle comprehends under the title of charity, or the spirit of Christian love. Was he not an example of patient forbearance, of habitual kindness, of freedom from envy, vanity, and boasting. Had he not the true courtesy that is born of humility and benevolence? Did he not manifest zeal for others' interests rather than his own? Was he not slow to wrath, and ready to forgive? Had he not the sensitive purity of mind that made him to delight in what was true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report, and to feel, toward the opposite, disdain and indignation?

Many things did he say and do that are worthy of our remembrance and honor; but, after all, we tenderly remember, we reverently and greatly honor him for what he *was*, in his whole life and spirit, rather than for the things which he here and there said or did. By his gentleness

and goodness and purity, he gave to his common activities grace, and made his very presence and look a means of grace, so that, while we loved and admired him, we felt ourselves uplifted by him, and all that was low or little in us rebuked.

But, dear friends, these praises, though sincere and of the nature of praise only, because the truth respecting him of whom we speak hath that nature, cannot profit him. In his earthly presence we should have been prohibited from saying what is now our privilege to say for our own comfort and instruction; he needs for himself nothing of eulogy nor of service.

I thought, when Dr. BUDINGTON was describing his own message from the ship's deck as he came into port, "Is all well?" and the sad answer, that I could hear another answer falling from the serene upper spheres—"*All is well!*" If he who comes from foreign lands and the stormy Atlantic wave, is glad when he sees the shores of home, and steps from the deck to greet and

be greeted by loved associates from whom by leagues and months he has been divided, how happy the soul must be that from earthly voyaging and time's vicissitudes hath safely reached the heavenly shore and the celestial assembly. Such the change which our friend hath experienced.

"As a bird to its sheltering nest,
When the storm on the hills is abroad,
So his spirit hath flown from this world of unrest,
To repose on the bosom of God—

Where the sorrows of earth never more
May fling o'er its brightness a stain;
Where in rapture and love it shall ever adore,
With a gladness unmingled with pain,
And its thirst shall be slaked by the waters that spring,
Like a river of light, from the throne of the King.

Though brightness hath passed from the earth,
Yet a star is new-born in the sky,
And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth,
Where are pleasures and fullness of joy;

And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given,
To the breezes that float o'er the gardens of heaven."

If that enfranchised spirit is a witness of our assembly, I cannot doubt what word it chiefly desires to have spoken in the hearing of all who are present, the warning word, Be ye also ready. We realize to-day the satisfaction which a devoted religious life affords when followed by a sudden and tragic death. How sad and awful this scene, now glorified with comfort and the full assurance of hope, if our friend had been a wicked or worldly man, or even doubtfully a Christian.

A few weeks ago I stood by the dying bed of one whom I loved and honored, and whom the State of Maryland had honored by putting him into one of her highest judicial offices. He had earned the position by talent and industry, and ardent loyalty, and unblemished morals. But though his lamp had once been lighted as a follower of Christ, it had been suffered to burn low,

so that when the solemn summons came he found himself for a season in darkness. Thank God there was a delay sufficiently long to allow the almost extinguished light to be replenished, and it flamed up brightly at the last. But I can never forget how profound was the grief with which that friend reviewed his life, finding in it this one calamitous and irreparable mistake, the lack of a piety that should have dominated over every interest, and have been the one noticeable and remembered quality of his character. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "oh, that I had thoroughly identified myself with Christ's people and Christ's cause!"

When Sir Walter Scott was dying, he thought not of his literary works and his fame, but calling his son-in-law to his side, he said: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be *religious*; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Such testimony is abundant, and to the ordi-

nary force of it is added emphasis by the present occasion, which reminds us how sudden the summons from time to eternity may be, and that, even while time continues, the derangement of bodily faculties may so affect the mind that from its imperial place it shall be cast down, no longer capable of intelligent thought or judgment, but, like a rudderless vessel, driven of fierce winds and tossed.

Shall we not learn anew, and from him who being dead yet speaketh, the duty of immediate and constant preparation for the coming of our Lord? So shall we best honor him and fulfill his desire. And so his death, like that of JESUS' loved friend LAZARUS, shall prove to have been for the glory of God.

May grace be given unto you, O stricken ones, to triumph even in your tribulation, and thus show to the heart of unbelief itself that the Christian religion is true, and adequate to illumine the darkest of earthly scenes.

Tributes

TO HIS MEMORY.

BY THE TEACHERS OF THE ATLANTIC AVENUE SABBATH SCHOOL.

With the shadow of a great gloom resting on us, and with our hearts burdened with sorrow, we, the Teachers of the Atlantic Avenue Sabbath School, come to-day to the most painful experience that has ever befallen us in this, our "Sabbath Home." For the first time since the formation of the School has death entered our band of Teachers, and has snatched from our number the one in whom the affections of us all were centered, and whose valuable aid we hoped to enjoy for many years to come. It is with a sadness that words cannot express, that we are compelled to feel that the sweet ties that bound us together are sundered, and that we have been bereft of the dear companion and the faithful teacher whom we so highly prized.

For seven years has Thomas S. Thorp, Jr., been associated with us in these delightful duties. Coming into the school soon after he made a public profession of religion, he did it with a deliberate purpose to consecrate all his powers to the work of glorifying his Saviour, and of benefiting the children of his class.

Faithful in his preparation for his work, affectionate in his intercourse with his scholars, personal in his application of truth to their hearts, watchful over their interests, and sympathizing with all their wants and aspirations, he secured their confidence, and repaid it with the treasures of a gifted mind and a heart overflowing with the tenderest love.

With his fellow-teachers he was always genial and kind, quick to respond to any plan to promote the interest of the school, ardent and enthusiastic in all his efforts for increasing its efficiency or promoting the happiness of his scholars, zealous for the prosperity of every scheme connected with our mission, and ever ready with hand and heart to do the duty that devolved on him.

As the leader of our music during all his connection with the school, his refined and cultivated taste exerted a sweet and inspiring influence upon us all, making this service of praise one of worship, and associating him indelibly in our memories with the holy harmonies he loved while here, and in which his glad and exultant spirit will forever unite around the throne of God in heaven.

In all his relations with us he called forth our love and admiration, and, though one of the youngest of our number, his presence with us was a constant incentive to earnest devotion to the

great work which he loved so dearly because it was so dear to Christ.

We shall miss him in every branch of our work, for he had identified himself closely with it all. We shall miss him in our meetings for study and for prayer, where his thoughtful inquiries and his earnest petitions showed that he was no stranger to the Word of God, or to the fountain from which alone we can draw the wisdom and the needed strength for our work. We shall miss him from our weekly sessions of the school, where his earnest devotion to his duties, his reverent demeanor, and his loving influence over his class marked him as a teacher of rare promise and excellence. We shall miss him, sadly miss him, as we lift our hearts and voices in our songs of praise. We shall miss him in our season of festivities and enjoyment, to which his generous heart and his buoyant spirit always added so much of zest and happiness. We shall miss his beaming face, his kindling eye, his loving heart, the warm pressure of his hand, the quick responsive sympathy, the rich endowments of mind and soul that endeared him to us all as the loved companion, the trusted associate, the Christian brother and friend.

Grateful to our Heavenly Father for this long and intimate connection which we shall always prize, rejoicing in all the sweet and precious memories with which his name and his works will

ever be embalmed in our hearts, and trusting that for each of us there may be a blessed reunion with him at the feet of the Great Teacher in the world of light and love, we wish to enter upon our records this minute, as a feeble tribute to his manly excellencies and his Christian worth.

On behalf of the Teachers.

SAMUEL E. WARNER, Sup't.
ALFRED WICKS, Ass't Sup't.
WM. H. HARRIS, Treas.
HENRY M. COWLES, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN, March 10, 1867.

BY THE BROOKLYN YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

"Thy spirit, ere our fatal loss,
Did ever rise from high to higher,
As mounts the heaven-ward altar fire,
As flies the lighter through the gross.

"And doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

TENNYSON.

THE sad record must be made—we wish it were not needed—that our beloved brother, THOMAS S. THORP, Jr., one of our Vice-Presidents, is no more. On the morning of March 6th, by an unseen hand, which guided his own, his life was taken away from us. This peculiar event has not only palled us with its sadness, but stirred us into wonderment at the strange providence which could permit one who had always been, from childhood, so true and noble, to be thus aberrated and self-destructive.

A peculiar precedent to this case is found in that of the illustrious Hugh Miller, whose over-tasked brain burst its barriers and drove him into self-wrought death. Why was all this permitted? The answer is plain. It is to teach us not only, as the honored Pastor of the deceased (Dr. Budington) said at the funeral, "to reverence the body," but to care for the mind, that its capacities be not taxed beyond the power of endurance.

There are multitudes who never, in their physical or mental endeavors, come anywise near to the fullest employment of their faculties. But there are a few highly sensitive, nobly endowed, and intensely conscientious souls who, fearing lest they may not do all their duty, goad themselves into an excess of effort, until the brittle strings of nature's harp, drawn too tensely, snap in twain, and life is lost. This was most sadly true of our lamented brother Thorp. His energies were ever so continuously and earnestly put forth, his time so thoroughly employed in efforts for self-improvement or for the good of others, that poor human nature staggered under the weight it bore until health failed, morbid depression ensued, and death brought the fearful climax. Alas! that so soon, so sadly, and so surely came the fatal stroke.

Every member of our Association feels that event to be a personal affliction. Even those who knew him not, never having seen his face, feel that a glory has passed from earth with him,

and that the void made by his loss will not soon be filled. This was very manifest at our last regular monthly meeting, when ALFRED WICKS, Esq., an intimate friend of the deceased, and Chairman of the Committee to draft resolutions upon the subject, presented his report. Mr. WICKS was introduced by our President, Mr. E. D. BARKER, as follows: "It is a very sad thing for me to say that our brother THORP has departed this life. I might stop to declare some of the feelings, so painful, which I experience in view of this mournful event. But I will not take up your time with a recital of them and therefore ask you to listen, as I believe you will with interest, to the Resolutions which will be presented to you by Mr. WICKS, as Chairman of the Committee, appointed specially for that purpose."

Mr. WICKS then read the following Resolutions:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from us our beloved Brother THOMAS S. THORP, Jr., one of the Vice-Presidents of this Association.

Resolved, That we cordially and unanimously unite in expressing our sorrow at the loss of one, whose pure and earnest Christian character rendered him at once an ornament to the Association and a noble example to its members.

That his faithful and conscientious discharge of all the duties allotted to him, is most affectionately acknowledged by all who were privileged to share with him in the work of the Association.

That, as friends and brother members, we offer this tribute of

love and respect to his memory, and gladly bear testimony to the unselfish and generous nature, and to the rare excellences of character which have endeared him to all who knew him.

That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in their bereavement, and, as in the providence of God they have been called upon to walk in the shadow of this great sorrow, may our Heavenly Father in the abundance of his mercies sustain and comfort them in this hour of severe trial.

That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, signed by the President and Secretary of this meeting.

The reading of these resolutions made a very deep impression upon the audience, which was increased by the tender remarks of Mr. WICKS following them. "There are times," said Mr. W., "in our individual and social life, when the very wheels of our being seem to stop and we are suddenly checked in our onward course. This now is one of those times. By the death of our brother we are called to pause awhile and ponder. The privilege of an acquaintance with him was that of many here, as it was mine. Those who did not enjoy that privilege, may be disposed to think that there is very much in these resolutions altogether too flattering. But we who were acquainted with our deceased brother, would add a still more glowing tribute to his memory. When a boy of only twelve years, he exhibited very marked signs of Christian character, and at the age of twenty-five he has died, having lived a most consistent

disciple of Christ. Religion, if I may so speak, had grown up with him, interwoven with every fibre of his nature. He seemed to possess a secret magnetism by which he drew all toward him who came, at any time and under whatever circumstances, into personal contact with him. There was a sweetness and grace of character about him, which all may possess who make Christianity the motive power of life till the man grows up the true and perfect Christian.

"Our brother had not been long a member of the Board of Managers in our Association. But it was long enough for him to impress them fully with a sense of his excellence. Only last Spring was he elected, and I think that every one who since has been associated with him, in an official capacity, will give the most assuring testimonies that all I say of him is true beyond question. His church relations were most useful and agreeable to his fellow-members. They will remember the intense efforts he always made to improve and elevate all who came into contact with him. Indeed, I may say that this very intensity was the cause of his death. That was the sad result of his ever burning desire, to avail himself of every opportunity to improve his own mind and heart, and to impress others with a sense of the beauty of truth and goodness.

"This is the testimony of a Clergyman (Rev. Mr. JOHNSON, of

Baltimore) who for a season supplied his Pastor's pulpit, and who said, at his funeral, that 'in a short walk and conversation with him, he gave me the impression of one who seemed to move on a higher plane and to breathe a purer atmosphere than that of common men. There was a summer purity and freshness about him, that made even an unspoken exhibition of grace and kindness.' Such a testimony as this must convince us that there was something in that character which is almost beyond our comprehension. At the General Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, held in Albany, last Summer, he was present and took great delight in its proceedings. It was there that his devotional character was most manifest, and there he passed through an experience which lifted him up to a still higher plane of Christian fervor and faithfulness. I am but expressing in the simplest possible language, his own ideal conception of what a faithful disciple should be toward constituting a living Church.

"But the fervor and intensity of his soul were too much for his frail body. The sword was too keen for the scabbard. That beautiful mind which was the casket of a religion that existed there in the most brilliant hope—a hope that was incarnated—became at last beclouded. There was something that seemed to demand the hiding of him from our admiring gaze. His mind

and spirit have passed away, and he has left us nothing whatever as to what he thought or said in his last hour. But I thank God for the pure and noble life which has preceded his death and which proves that to have been a Christian one, whatever cloud may otherwise brood over it. I care not for the last thought and testimony of the dying. The testimony and record of that pure and noble life are enough for me. It presents to us an example upon which we may look back with sweet memories and for pure incentives. It may become the means of resurrection unto eternal life to many souls, who shall look down from yonder lofty throne of glory and point to his memory and influence as that which led their spirits upward to the realms of bliss."

At the conclusion of this tribute to the memory of our departed brother, Mr. William Edsall, in a most tender strain, said: "I have no words of eulogy to offer now. If I had, they are not needed as an addition to what has been already so appropriately said. No event has ever yet occurred in the history of this Association which has come to us with so sudden and startling effect as this. It is one which, while it calls us to mourn, speaks also to our hearts of duty. It was my sad privilege to sit with the remains of our brother, in a night of thoughtful watchfulness, and I could not but think how uncertain were all our plans and prospects of life, and how little we knew when that life would be cut short.

My last conversation with the deceased — not a recent one—was in the city cars. His mind seemed then particularly interested in a tract which he had been reading, and to which he called my attention as one worthy of perusal. No one who met him personally and even casually could fail to be impressed and improved by the religious sentiment which seemed to pervade his whole heart and life. When his business kept him from his home at an unusual hour, he was impatient to get away, in order that he might have the opportunity of spending some little time in the cultivation of his mind. With him no moments were ever lost. His was a truly sympathetic spirit. Some four months ago, I was bowed down under an overwhelming weight of affliction from the loss of a beloved daughter, and then he was the first to hasten and speak to me those words of Christian sympathy which are so consoling to the smitten heart. We can only think of him with those feelings of interest which shall make us burn with the desire to leave behind us, as he did, the testimony of having been, to the very utmost, a faithful and humble follower of the Lord Jesus. He has gone from us. No one would have suspected that so soon he was to pass away. I pray God that this sad event may be sanctified to every one of us, and that we may be made by it more grateful as we go in and out rejoicing in health and life."

The President then remarked: "I did not intend saying much or anything more than what I have already briefly said. But I cannot refrain from adding a word or two to the worthy testimonials which have been given for our brother. I was acquainted with him for only nine months, but in that short time learned to know and love him well. I suppose that none of us can ever know what lies within the souls even of those with whom we are the most familiar. So I cannot know all that was in his soul. But, from what I do know, I may say, that could I be assured of my being as fully prepared to die, as this young man was, I should be entirely satisfied. Not a doubt or fear would then disturb me. There was such confidence toward Christ in his heart, that it went forth from him in everything that he performed."

Some further touching allusions were then made by others, to Mr. Thorp, after which resolutions were passed.

Bulletin, March, 1867.

BY PROF. FOSTER, OF THE COLLEGIATE AND POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Brooklyn, March 26, 1867.

Mr. A. S. Barnes.

Dear Sir: I respond most cheerfully to your request.

"To speak nothing, except it be good, of those who are gone," is the dictate and desire of every generous soul, but, oh, how grateful the task of reminiscence, when, consistently with the truth, good only can be said.

Thomas S. Thorp, Jr., was a member of the Collegiate Department of this Institute, from October, 1855, until February, 1859—from his fifteenth to his nineteenth year. During this important period of his life he devoted himself to school duties with singular assiduity, and, as his abilities were of a high order, his close application was rewarded with marked success.

Without servility for effect, he cherished a cordial respect for official superiors, and was nicely scrupulous in the discharge of every obligation.

The esteem in which he was held among his mates, and the love with which he inspired them, are never awarded to merely negative merit. THORP'S goodness was something more than the absence of vice. Active in brain, fervent in heart, gentle in spirit, winning in address, and loyal ever to the truth, his career in the Institute is memorable for its happy and wholesome influence.

Although the interval is long since his separation from school, my impressions in regard to him as a pupil are clear, and of the thousands to whom I have stood in the relation of teacher, I can recall no face and no character more instinct at once with childlike purity and manly grace. His Polytechnic instructors have likewise observed with great satisfaction the course of his brief but honorable and useful manhood.

To him, whom so many miss and mourn, if to any, may be applied the fond estimate of the poet,

> "None knew thee but to love thee;
> None named thee but to praise."

I am, very cordially, yours, &c.,

ROBERT FOSTER.

In Memoriam.

I remember him in the home he loved,
Where his heart was ever the lightest.
When faces he loved were gathering round,
Then his eye would kindle brightest—
For the friends whose worth he had tried and proved
He held to his heart the nearest;
And those who had known him longest and best,
Were the friends who loved him dearest.

I remember him in life's daily round,
Where the perils of youth are greatest;
But the line of duty was clear to him,
And the path he chose was the straightest.
And we trusted him freely, for well we knew
That the promise he gave was surest;
And of all the youth that around him pressed
He carried his shield the purest.

I remember him in the hour of prayer,
When the spirit of God was nearest,
And we caught a glimpse of the inner life;
But its light upon him was clearest.
And we saw the glory shine through his face,
When the joy in his heart was strongest,
Like the placid depths of a still, clear lake,
Where the sunbeam lingers longest.

I remember him in the Master's work,
For his help was always nearest;
And of all that he loved to labor for
'Twas the cause of Christ was dearest;
And of all the gifts that graced his life
He gave to that cause the rarest;
And *there*, where we write the noblest names,
His record shall shine the fairest.

A. W.

An Elegy

ON THE LATE

THOS. S. THORP, Jr.

I.

Why weep, unless it be from press of joy,
For one whose silver soul knew not th' alloy
Of common natures, and by grace untold
Was transfused even into finest gold?

II.

Tears are for those who have not left behind
Truth's footprints on th' untrodden paths of mind,
Who breathed no atmosphere of love o'er earth,
And waked no spirit into higher birth.

III.

Tears are for those whose sins have swept them off
To realms where ruined spirits moan and scoff;
Who leave a memory black with evil deeds,
A life path grown with error's death-fraught weeds.

IV.

But not for those whose life is yet unstained,
Whose goodly purpose seems to us ungained,
Whose manhood pure to ripeness hath not passed,
Or whose rich age hath won its prize at last.

V.

No! not for those, must we, all joyless, weep,
Whose lesser glory, left for us to keep,
Is changed to greater glory in that realm
Where tearful surges never overwhelm.

VI.

So, brother, will our souls no sorrows bear,
We shed for thee no bitter, burning tear;
Only the dews of love shall dim our eyes,
To think of thee amid the God-lit skies.

VII.

For, that dark cloud, whose thunder stroke of pain
Tortured and burst thy thought o'er-burdened brain,
Is passed by thee, and from thy glory's height,
It only shines in Truth's supernal light.

VIII.

Thy mind volcanic, spent its lava tide
And seared the flowers on thy life's mountain side ;
But in that blaze, for thee a chariot fire,
Thou fled'st, transfigured, to thy Heavenly Sire !

IX.

Ah ! not for thee, but for the world we weep,
To think that, while fell curses o'er it sweep,
One barrier less is here to stay their surge,
One streamlet dried that might their evil purge.

X.

But, no ! we, whose poor hearts are made to bleed,
Know that thou wert Truth's freshest, purest seed,
Gathered from God's great granary below,
Which He in furrowed souls of sin, would sow.

XI.

More broadcast flung,—wide-wafted by His breath,—
More deeply sown by thy strange, sudden death,
A harvest, fuller, richer, shall be reaped,
Than if thy life with centuries had been heaped.

XII.

Ourselves we weep ;—that not, like thee, so pure,
We have no loving memory to endure,
No heart so true, no deeds so full of trust,
To bless men's souls with blossoms from our dust.

XIII.

Oh ! from those heights, whence comes to us thy call,
Let thy truth mantle on our spirits fall,
Breathe down thy spirit with the Life divine
That made thee, when with us, so brightly shine.

XIV.

Then, brother, shall we, God-enraptured, stand,
With thee, amid that glory-circled band,
Who, having suffered, purely lived and died,
With Christ are crowned and ever glorified !

C. H. A. BULKLEY.

Brooklyn, March 10, 1867.

Selections from his Writings.

"ON THE MARCH."

Extracts from letters while in three months' service with the 23d Regiment, N. Y. S. M., called out to repel the Rebel invasion of Pennsylvania.

FOUR MILES NORTH OF CARLISLE,
IN THE WOODS, July 3d, 1863.

My Dear Mother:

I received your very welcome letter, written last Monday evening, on Tuesday evening; I wrote to Susie the next morning. I hope you have received the letter. On the afternoon of the same day we broke up camp and started for Carlisle.

JULY 4th, 11 o'CLOCK, A. M.—Mount Holley Gap, six miles south of Carlisle.

After commencing my letter we were again ordered forward. We are now in the midst of the mountains below Carlisle, near Gettysburg. We have an immense army for us, and are in hot pursuit of the rebel General Ewell, who passed through this gap last night with his entire force. Ewell is now between us and the army of the Potomac, and we expect to give him something to do to escape us.

We have been under a forced march ever since yesterday morning at four o'clock; our men are very nearly tired out, but full of spirit, and determined to endure everything. I am very well, have stood it much better than I expected, and am only troubled with sore feet. We have marched so very far, and so constantly that my feet are somewhat swollen and blistered, but they will be better as soon as I can get time to bathe and rest them.

Our life for the last few days has been entirely different from that of the first week or two of our camp life. As I wrote above, we broke up camp last Wednesday afternoon, July 1st. We took everything upon our backs—our knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, overcoats, canteens and muskets. Just before leaving, I weighed my baggage and found the weight to be over fifty pounds.

We left Camp Couch about five o'clock, and marched eight miles; but our baggage was so extremely heavy that the men almost fell down under it. I think this was the most severe march we ever had, or ever can have; it was nine o'clock at night before we had accomplished the eight miles. We were to have gone on to Carlisle, as the enemy was there engaged with the 37th and 22d Regiments—but, on account of the severe fatigue of our entire division, we were marched into a large clo-

ver field and halted, when the men spread their blankets and fell off to sleep in no time. When we were preparing our blankets, the sound of the cannon could be heard constantly, and the sky was all ablaze with the light of the burning barracks which were set fire to by the rebels as they retreated. That night I slept as soundly as I ever did, although it was in an open field, with no tent or the slightest shelter, with our knapsacks for our pillows, rolled in our blankets—and although the rain fell during the night, it did not disturb us in the least.

The next morning we were roused at 3 o'clock with the intention of marching directly on Carlisle, but the news came that our forces had been defeated, and that the rebels were coming down upon us with a cavalry force of upward of ten thousand men. Our force consisted of the N. Y. 71st, 8th, 52d, 56th, and 23d, under General KNIPE, whom father saw when he was here. So we turned and remarched toward Harrisburg again; when we had arrived three miles south of our former camp (Camp Couch) we halted, and through some mismanagement were obliged to remain the entire day by the side of the road, under the hot sun. About five o'clock we moved toward a river near by, and encamped for the night. All this time we had been obliged to carry our knapsacks, which actually rendered the men unfit for anything. That evening we had a splendid bath in the river,

and after eating a piece of salt pork and some coffee, we rolled ourselves again in our blankets, and passed another night on the ground.

The next morning we were aroused very early, and again started for Carlisle, but this time without our knapsacks; they were left under a guard, to be sent on in baggage wagons. About ten o'clock we reached Kingston, having marched eight miles; there we were received splendidly, all the farmers and their families were true blue, and did all they could for us. I dined on bread and milk, apple butter (this is a great dish in this country), cherries in any quantity, boiled eggs, &c. By order of General Knipe, but against the wish of our Colonel, we were ordered forward at one o'clock, the hottest part of the day. The sun was intensely hot, I think it must have been as high as 90°. After marching about a mile and a half, it was very evident the men could not stand it,—several had fallen under the effect of the extreme heat,—so we halted in the shade of a wood, and rested until five o'clock, when we moved forward to Carlisle, which we reached about seven o'clock. We marched back of the town, and encamped in a field near the ruins of the barracks which were burned by the rebs. By this time we were very tired and the feet of the men very much swollen, so after a little supper we soon fell to sleep, with the hope of having a day to rest on the

Fourth, but this morning we were greeted quite early with the sound of the reveille, and the entire camp was soon in marching order. I think there must have been very nearly ten thousand troops in all who passed out of Carlisle with us this morning—the train extended along the road far ahead, and whenever we reached the top of a hill we could see the columns of men far in the rear.

6 o'clock P. M.,

In a Paper Mill, Eight Miles from Carlisle.

Since I commenced my letter we have experienced the heaviest thunder storm I ever knew; the rain descended in a perfect mass of water, and has continued to do so for about two hours. We were out in the entire storm, and are consequently *rather* damp. Notwithstanding the storm, we continued our march, as there is the most urgent need of our presence with the main army, who, we hear, have been engaged with the enemy for the last four days. Three thousand troops have just passed us, who say they were captured by Lee on the 1st inst., and paroled; they are on their way home. We have been marching during this storm, through the gap in the mountains, whose heights tower on all sides. We proceeded about two miles above this point, wading streams and rushing over torrents and waterfalls, until we met with a rush of water caused by the heavy fall of rain, which had swept down

the side of the mountain carrying everything before it, sweeping the road away, and forming a stream so rapid and deep that we could not pass it; we therefore retraced our steps, and are now in a large paper mill, resting and drying ourselves.

We have marched about ten or twelve miles to-day, but orders have just been received from General KNIPE to march nine miles further to-night. I fear we shall have to comply, although we are pretty well fatigued. Our life for the past week has been rough in the extreme, and I think, if we stand it, we shall be able to endure anything. As for myself, I feel exceedingly well and in first-rate condition, with the exception of my feet—these I hope will be better soon.

NEAR GETTYSBURG, JULY 6, 1863.

We left the paper mill on the evening of the 4th, and started to pass through the mountains,—out of the entire Regiment there were only one hundred and eighty who started with us, the rest were either worn out or pretended to be so. The Regiment had endured a great deal of fatigue and should have been allowed to rest, but the orders from General KNIPE were imperative, and although the Colonel said it was almost suicidal to march again that night, yet we were obliged to move forward. The roads had been rendered almost impassable by the heavy

storm, but we trudged on for two miles rather slowly, until we came to a torrent sweeping across the road and rushing down the mountain. We had to wade through this, although the water came up above our hips; two men of the 56th Regiment were carried away by the velocity of the stream and drowned, also several horses; we managed to cross, although it was hard work, as the torrent was wide and deep. By this time it was near nine o'clock at night, and there we were in the midst of the most desolate region of Pennsylvania, among the mountains, surrounded by dense woods, not a house for miles, the rain pouring, and the roads almost impassable.

My dear mother, we are all over it now, and are safely encamped, but at that time I never expected to see the day again. We trudged on, although constantly ready to fall with fatigue and soreness of limbs, sometimes falling flat, but up again, knowing that it was a question of life or death. About eleven o'clock one of our men could go no further, so our Lieutenant decided to rest for a time with our Company by the side of the road; there were only about a dozen of us, as the rest had given out and remained at the paper mill. So we spread our rubber blankets, and lay down on the ground actually worn out. Some of the boys did not stop to spread their blankets, but fell on the grass, and we were soon asleep.

After sleeping for about an hour, I awoke and found the rain pouring heavily, and that we were all lying in pools of water, of course soaked to the skin. I knew we could not remain here, so I made the boys get up, and it was hard work too, but we again started and staggered on, knowing that it was our only salvation. If the road had been good, we could have gone on pretty well; but at every step, our feet sank deep in the mud, so that to pass was almost impossible. We kept on, however, until one o'clock at night, when we reached a few log houses in the woods—we immediately entered one and found the floor covered with our men who had gone on before—however, we managed to get a place to lie down and staid till morning, when we rejoined our men, who were in a large house a short distance ahead. Here we found our Colonel had commands to move on immediately, so the plucky men forgot their fatigue, sore feet, and everything else, and followed.

We are now in possession of the Cumberland Gap, the inlet to the great Cumberland Valley, and the rebels in retreating have to pass through this place, as we have learned from a great number of their scouts whom we have taken, and from deserters who have come within our lines in great numbers. Our rapid marches were ordered for the purpose of intercepting them, but they have probably known our intentions, as it is thought they

have gone by the other way; we expect now to be ordered to Chambersburg. I tell you, I was glad to get here and rest last night; I had not eaten a meal for forty hours, except one cup of coffee and a small piece of bread with a very little meat. Fourth of July we spent in marching all day, and it was the night of the Fourth that we spent in the mud in the woods. I shall never forget it; it was the most horrible night I ever spent, and I am truly thankful to my Heavenly Father for preserving me from the death that was so imminent.

The regular army cavalrymen, who came through, said that they had never known any march so severe, and several men in the 55th and 71st—who have served since the war commenced—say that so rapid, so long, and so difficult a march they never knew.

I find life "on the march" not so pleasant as life in camp, especially at our camp near Harrisburg, where we were delightfully situated. But I am happy to say that I have kept up with the front of the Regiment through all. I did not expect to be able to, but have done so and feel in excellent condition, but very much in need of rest, sleep, and food; these I expect to get before we start again. Our Chaplain is going to try to find a Postoffice, so I send this now.

Give love to all. I look forward with the greatest pleasure to

meeting you all in two weeks. My thoughts have been constantly with you during the last week, and I feel that I can appreciate the comforts and the dear ones of home more and better than ever before. With much love to all, believe me, more than ever lovingly,

Your son,

THOMAS.

JULY 15th.

We marched but about five miles yesterday, and encamped on the other side of Boonsboro, at a little place called Benevola, on Beaver Creek. Spent the afternoon in bathing and reading—had a splendid bath, but was obliged to put on my dirty, muddy clothes again, as we have no change of clothing with us. We received news in the evening that we were to march for home this morning; this was received with the greatest enthusiasm—the very word of home is music to us now. A gentleman came in camp last night direct from General HALL, at Harrisburg; he had brought Susie's letter to me; it was like giving food to a starving man, as I had not received a word from home for almost two weeks.

We broke camp this morning at eight o'clock, and started for Frederick City, by way of Boonsboro. Arriving at the latter place we found ourselves in the midst of the Army of the Poto-

mac. I never saw such immense numbers of army wagons of all kinds; they were gathered together in groups covering acres, and also stringing far along the road for miles. The road over which we passed is the turnpike, being the widest and best road we have yet marched over.

The different camps of the *great Potomac Army*, were scattered along at intervals; we passed immense numbers of men and army equipages of all kinds. Near Boonsboro are situated the headquarters of Major General SMITH, who has had command of our corps since we left Harrisburg. He formerly commanded a corps in the regular Army of the Potomac—the Sixth I believe —and is noted for his dash and perseverance; he has rushed us along lately at a fearful rate, as he formerly did the veteran troops.

General SMITH and Staff were standing on the piazza of his headquarters as we passed, and removed his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers we gave him. He is a good-looking middle-aged man, medium height, stout, full of life; makes an excellent, energetic army officer.

As we passed through Boonsboro, we saw Gen. MEADE, Gen. PLEASANTON and staff, and a number of other general and staff officers. They were on horseback, riding toward Frederick City. We spoke to MEADE'S body guard, who said that it was

now MEADE's intention to push on with all speed to Richmond, as he had a much shorter distance to go than LEE had. LEE seems to have crossed the Potomac, and it would appear to be very feasible that MEADE should push instantly toward the Rebel Capital. I was very glad to get a sight of MEADE, as he certainly has proved himself thus far *the man*. I should say he was over fifty years of age, tall and gaunt, with a very decided stoop of the shoulders, and an anxious, care-worn expression of countenance. It is said the stoop is occasioned by his former studious habit, as he is a scholar. He rode ahead of his staff, and reminded me of the pictures I have seen of JOHN BROWN. Gen. PLEASANTON is a younger man, not so tall, and stouter; he wore a straw hat, but I had no good opportunity of judging of his character, as he rode rapidly by.

We were constantly passed on the road by cavalry regiments dashing on. I never saw such riding as I have witnessed during my campaign life; every horseman goes at the top of his speed, and all ride finely; they all sit firmly in the saddle, toes turned out, legs stiff and straight, body back, and ride according to the regular army fashion—a constant jolt. I have not seen a single rider yet ease himself in the stirrups, after the manner of our gentleman riders at home. They all sit firm and steady, and go it like mad. The effect of this hard riding is seen constantly

along the road, which is strewn on all sides, at short intervals, with the carcasses of dead horses and mules, so that the whole country is perfumed with the odor of dead horse-flesh—it is most sickening, and I should think would soon cause a pestilence.

After leaving Boonsboro, we kept on the regular pike until we reached the South Mountain, and entered the South Mountain pass—here we crossed the very battle field where the memorable battle of South Mountain, of last Fall, was fought. It is a very romantic and exceedingly beautiful pass, and possessed a great deal of interest for us. A little beyond the pass is situated Middleton, which we passed through; this is quite a little town, with a tall church, the very one in which General KEARNEY was carried after being wounded in the before-mentioned battle—he died in this church.

Leaving Middleton we passed through valleys and over mountains, seeing as we passed the different camps of the several corps of the Potomac Army, with their vast crowds of wagons, etc. Occasionally a battery would pass us, each cannon drawn by six horses; the march was rather more interesting than agreeable, as the remains of old dirty camps and the stench of dead horses met us on every side. I forgot to mention that near Boonsboro we passed over the battle field of last Sunday, where

our cavalry charged so impetuously against the rebel infantry; the dead horses were lying in all directions, and the air was filled with this reeking decay. What a terrible place is a battle field!

We were on the way home, so we did not mind our fatigue but pushed on toward Frederick, where we arrived about six o'clock. The city is quite a large one, rather old in appearance, houses mostly built of rough hewn stone, as are most of the houses in Maryland; we were not greeted very enthusiastically, as there is a decided secesh sentiment prevalent here. As our army came winding into the city, I had an opportunity of seeing its proportions, and was astonished; our column extended for more than a mile and a half over the road, four abreast in thick solid column, all New York State Militia. We numbered between five and eight thousand men, and presented a very formidable appearance. Our Regiment was situated near the center, and as I stood on a slight elevation, and looked either way, I could not see the termination of either flank, nothing but one dense moving mass of men. The numbers of some of the Regiments are as follows (I was not able to get all; they were all New York State Militia): 8th, 11th, 13th, 32d, 23d, 28th, 37th, 52d, 56th, 68th, 71st, and a good many more; we passed through the city, the distance of over a mile, and halted on the opposite side, having marched since eight o'clock in the morning *twenty miles.*

We were pretty well tired out and foot-sore, but still had several miles to march before we could reach the railroad junction. During our halt we managed to get a little bread and some stale gingerbread, which slightly appeased our hunger.

We make no scruples now of rushing into every house we pass, begging or buying a piece of bread and butter. I have eaten almost nothing but hard tack for about a week, and often find it difficult to get enough of that; we have salt pork, but this is so fat and disagreeable that I only eat it when I can get nothing else.

About half-past eight we left Frederick City, and marched to the railroad junction, a distance of several miles, arriving there at ten o'clock or thereabouts. We had hoped to get transportation to Baltimore immediately, but were doomed to disappointment, so rolling our overcoats about us we lay down upon the grass, and were soon far away at home, in dream-land.

July 16.

Yesterday's march was the longest one we have yet made, having traveled a distance of twenty-five miles, with very few rests; we passed over the ground at a very quick rate, kept up by the thought that we were on our way home. I conversed while in Frederick with one of the regular army, who said that

when they traveled eighteen miles a day they thought they had done well, but twenty-five miles was something to brag of. The only thing I have to complain of is sore feet; my shoes are so large and dilapidated that the sand gets in and grinds away at a great rate, but now, thank Heaven, our marching is pretty near at an end; we are encamped in a grove near the railroad junction, expecting constantly to be sent on our way rejoicing.

We received the Baltimore papers yesterday with an account of the terrible riot in New York; oh! how we long to be there. We had rather fight those dastards than the rebs; the boys are unanimous in their feeling, and as to the regular army, as we passed them yesterday, they vented terrible imprecations against the Copperheads of New York. The entire army is true blue, and if they could get a chance at those fellows in the city, they would tear them limb from limb. This outbreak seems the more outrageous as we have had such a succession of splendid victories lately; but as it was a premeditated thing, I suppose it was bound to come off at all events. We also heard yesterday of the surrender of Port Hudson with 18,000 prisoners; it seems as though the war must be near its close.

Now that we are almost at the end of our thirty days' service, I feel that I would not have missed it for anything, and yet I

would not pass through it again unless for the greatest necessity. I never before knew what it was to be hungry, going for thirty-six hours with not enough to make a scanty meal; never before have I known what it was to be utterly prostrated with fatigue, until now, when night after night I have felt perfectly exhausted, both physically and mentally, and have fallen to the ground with scarcely strength enough remaining to remove my equipments, and slept through rain storms and everything else. I have been astonished at my own powers of endurance; while the strongest men in our company have fallen out on the march, and caught up to us afterwards by means of wagons, I have not been obliged to fall out once, but have kept along constantly, although obliged to test my powers at times to the uttermost.

On a day's march, after traveling for two or three miles, we halt for ten or fifteen minutes, and then up and on again for three or four miles, and then another rest, and so on for a whole day. I have been in the habit, as soon as the column came to a halt, of throwing myself upon the ground and sleeping until we started again; by this means I have recruited my strength and have been enabled to keep on when others have fallen out; but through all, my health has been excellent, and through hunger, fatigue, sore feet, although sleeping in pools of water without my blanket, under rain and dew, with my clothes wet through,

and my feet and pants heavy with mud, I have not felt a pain or an ache, have had good appetite, excellent digestion and good health in general—but of this I would not boast, but return the sincere thanks of a grateful heart to my Heavenly Father for His constant support and strength.

FRIDAY, JULY 17.

On our arrival at Frederick Junction, on Wednesday evening, we expected to start at midnight for Baltimore, but we found that General COUCH had countermanded the order, so we were obliged to go into camp, where we remained during Thursday. The extremely long and fatiguing march we underwent on Wednesday was the occasion of very serious results to some of our men. Three men died during the night in consequence of the fatigue—one of the 28th, one in the 71st, and one in the 8th; another in the 28th was made lunatic for the time, and a number of others were made sick by excessive fatigue. This march was far too long, and has been condemned as entirely unnecessary.

Quite an interesting event occurred in camp on Thursday—a man was drummed out of the 56th for stealing. The circumstances are these: one of the regiment had a fainting fit, and the villain, under the pretence of assisting him, ran up and stole his watch and some money, while he was in an unconscious state;

the thief hid the watch in a hole in the ground under his tent, but it was found and he brought to justice; the result was that he was condemned to be drummed out, which, by-the-by, is quite an interesting ceremony. Just one-half of the fellow's head was shaved close to his skin, leaving it perfectly white; on this half, tar was thickly spread, rendering him one of the most ludicrous and disgusting objects; his uniform was stripped from him, and he was marched, before the entire regiment, up and down the line several times, surrounded by a guard with fixed bayonets in such close proximity to his body that if he faltered in his march they would stick in him; in front of the guard marched a drummer playing the "Rogue's March." During the ceremony the criminal was greeted with the jeers and howls from all quarters. After a while the guard was removed and he permitted to run, when a shower of rotten eggs and other rubbish broke on his head and body, and he ran for dear life, pursued by a gang of men who were determined to duck him in the river. The man would have been all but killed, had not the Adjutant of the 71st interfered and kept the mob back; as it was, he made his escape to Baltimore, where he will probably continue his depredations.

On Thursday night, about half-past twelve, the drum startled us from sleep, when we received orders to prepare for instant departure for Baltimore; we buckled on our baggage and marched

down to the cars, but were obliged to stand out in the rain until morning, on account of the delay occasioned by transmitting so large a body of troops. The rain was heavy and we became soakingly wet, which dampness has continued to the present writing. At last we were all shoved into dirty, rickety freight cars, and were obliged to lie down flat upon the floor, as there was not a sign of a seat; there was not even room to lie down; some were obliged to remain standing, and we had a very disagreeable trip to Baltimore. We did not start from the Junction until half-past seven, and arrived in Baltimore at half-past three in the afternoon. We passed the Relay House, made so famous in the first part of the war. It is a small, unpretending building, very old-fashioned, situated at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Baltimore and Washington Railroads.

Arriving at Baltimore, we marched through the city, through Pratt street, where the Massachusetts Regiment was fired on, on the 19th of April, 1861. After marching two miles, we reached the Philadelphia depot, when we were dismissed and allowed an opportunity to get something to eat, which I improved with a vengeance, and ate the only decent meal I had had since I ate breakfast with father at Harrisburg three weeks ago. On returning to the Philadelphia depot, we found our Brigadier General, Jesse C. Smith, had decided to send us home by way of Harrisburg, and we were compelled to march through the city

for the distance of about three miles to the Harrisburg depot. This last march led us through the upper and more respectable part of the city, which I think is a well laid out and, in fact, a very respectable one. Occasionally we were greeted with cheers and waving of flags, but the predominant sentiment is supposed to be *secesh.* After a great deal of delay we were again put in dirty freight cars, *forty-two* men in a car, packed like sardines. The night passed most uncomfortably; sleeping in dirty freight cars is worse than sleeping under the clear blue sky, with lofty forest trees waving over head, and the quiet stars twinkling far above, as though they kept watch over all. Sleeping in a forest on a pleasant night is not at all unpleasant, but packed in dirty cars so closely that there is no room to turn over, is disagreeable in the extreme.

We did not leave Baltimore until one o'clock at night, and even then our progress was extremely slow, as the train was very heavy, and we were obliged time after time to run on a side track and allow some other trains to pass us. By ten o'clock in the morning of Saturday, we found ourselves but thirty miles from Baltimore, and fifty miles from Harrisburg—we, however, kept on slowly; the men could not stand it inside the cars, so we all got on top, covering the entire train. As we passed along up the valley, we saw constant evidences of the late march of the rebs; every railroad bridge had been burnt, and we were

compelled to cross ravines and streams on hastily constructed fabrics that seemed very unsafe. We passed through York at three o'clock, and got a little bit of bread and butter. The people here seemed quite patriotic. Just beyond York was formerly the largest bridge on this side of the Susquehanna, crossing the Kenawagna; it had been burned by the rebs, but replaced. This very morning a freight train, a few hours ahead of us, in attempting to cross the new bridge had broken through. The engine, tender, and two or three cars, were precipitated into the river below. Hogs and sheep composed the freight—many were jammed to death, others maimed and some escaped. The engineer and conductor were reported fatally injured. No other lives lost. We left our train, crossed the river on pontoons, and took another train on the other side.

This was fourteen miles from Harrisburg. We traveled the intervening space in about an hour. The ride was very pleasant, the day was just giving place to twilight, and the new moon rising on our left made the scene very beautiful. Our road ran close by the side of the Susquehanna, which is really a very beautiful river, very wide at this point, dotted with innumerable islands, and as the stream rolled on calmly and placidly, reflecting from its glassy surface the brilliant hues of sunset, we almost imagined ourselves in Fairy land. We were all on the top of the cars, and thus had the opportunity of enjoying the scene fully.

Extracts from an Essay

ON

THE QUESTION,

"SHOULD MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL BE SUBJECT TO DRAFT?"

I THINK the question resolves itself into this: "Can a Minister of the Gospel best discharge his obligations to God, best perform his duty to his fellow men, and best advance the cause of his country, by enlisting in the ranks?" I believe most emphatically, *not*. In the first place, the true minister is one whom the Spirit of God has prompted to the work, and in obedience to this holy dictation he stands pointing and leading erring souls to Heaven. *This* is his proper work, this his sphere of action; in it he exerts his utmost power, and wields his mightiest influence.

In our land, there are hundreds of thousands willing, as soon

as necessary, to leap into the field; men who are in almost every respect fitted for positions in the rank and file of our armies, men who in that capacity can serve our country better than in any other. Of these are multitudes of good and holy men, who can impart spiritual instruction—ministers who will volunteer as chaplains, because as such they will still be prosecuting the work their Master gave them to do.

We at the North have as yet hardly experienced the first indications of the extremities of war; we do not understand extremity. After this vast army of volunteers has been mustered, we have still a population, almost illimitable in number, subject to draft, and of this vast multitude may be formed armies well nigh sufficient to challenge the united effort of Europe. But that cause must indeed be extreme which shall call upon the minister of God to lay down the pen and take up the sword, to lay aside the emblems of his holy order and wear the soldier's garb! Can we by this expect to augment the moral power of our cause? Fatal mistake! The pen is mightier than the sword. How emphatically true in this case, where the pen is in the hand of God's anointed, guided by His Holy Spirit. Who is there who shall set bounds to the influence for good of such a power, guided and directed by such an inspiration?

In viewing this question, it is understood that, if the minister

be subject to draft, he is to serve in the capacity of a soldier, not as a minister; that he is not drafted to serve as chaplain, but all distinctions between him and his fellow citizens are thrown aside, and he submits entirely to the military power, his future occupation in the army being at the discretion of his military commander. Now, I ask, what *right* has the man of God, what right has any one to call upon the man of God, to do this? Is his charge his own, that he is at liberty to hold it or cast it from him at pleasure? I admit that at the present time the cause which would call him forth is a noble, holy one, but there being no actual necessity for his service in the military capacity, the cause which he neglects is vastly more important, and its claims are more binding and obligatory.

The cause which calls upon others to do battle in the field, calls upon the minister of God to stand fast at his post, to use the full power given him by his Master, to wield his mightiest influence now as never before, and to keep clear and bright that eye of faith by which alone we shall be able to pierce the darkness which surrounds us.

In contemplating the history of nations, it will be found to be the almost universal record, that the effect of war has been to demoralize and corrupt the people in whose midst it has been waged. I believe this has not been the case with the people of

the North, although victory has not, as was anticipated, perched upon our banners from the first; although misfortune has succeeded to misfortune, and calamity has spread a night of gloom over our dear land, brightened only here and there with glimpses of approaching day; although the soil of America has been rendered sacred by its baptism of loyal blood, thus consecrating it to the cause of liberty and justice. Notwithstanding calamity and defeat, carnage and destruction; yes, and even by means of all these, the national character has been elevated; the confidence of the people has been turned from trusting in an arm of flesh, and the great throbbing heart of the nation has been lifted in humility and trust to Him who holds us in the hollow of His hand, who controls the destiny of all His creatures.

The people of the North, guided, and consoled, and encouraged by the faithful labors of God's representatives among them, have been taught to look above the vicissitudes of war, and the impotency of man, and to trust in that arm in which alone there is strength. What a sacred task has been that of the true minister in these the darkest days of our nation's history! *His* it has been to soothe the sorrowing and the afflicted; to wipe the tear of the mourner, and calm the now aching heart of the stricken one. *His* it has been to enter the home circle, rendered desolate by the loss of some dear and loved one, to raise those hearts

crushed down by grief, and point them to Him who is the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God. Who can approach a family bowed down in affliction, with such propriety, or so lovingly, as he who is commissioned with messages of love and consolation from God Himself? "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," fell from the Master's lips, and the faithful servant proves the truth of his Master's words, for by the messages he bears from God, the mourning heart is comforted.

What are we fighting for, but to advance the cause of Christian liberty, to hold fast those sacred legacies committed to our charge by ancestors who sealed them with their blood, and while our armies go forth on this holy mission, would you cut off the fountain head? As the wearied, discouraged soldier falters in battle, he is inspired to renewed effort by the thought that before him are traitors and haters of good government, while behind him, cheering his heart and upholding his hands, are those faithful to the trust committed them by the Master, maintaining that Christian sentiment which daily brings the people nearer God; a sentiment which swells upward and onward in its majestic grandeur, overwhelming the machinations of secret traitors, overriding all feeling of discouragement and despair, triumphing over every influence antagonistic to the success of the right;

a sentiment which *alone* is more powerful than armies, more invincible than walls of steel. This noble Christian sentiment, growing vaster and more irresistible as our people become more thoroughly Christian, will roll over every line of party distinction, will submerge every feeling of disloyalty, will meet our armies with its quickening, inspiring power, and bear them on its crested wave triumphantly to the very Gulf.

This faith in God, kept alive in the hearts of our people, is the only power which has sustained us through these years of carnage and of death. What would be our condition to-day, had we not faith to trust in our Heavenly Father for the future? And at last, should our nation issue from this fiery trial purified and exalted, it will owe its salvation to that holy faith kept alive in the hearts of the people by the blessed work of the Christian ministry, who, amid the despondency and despair of a nation, maintained that trust committed them by the Master, and who have daily and weekly borne the people up and bound them near to God by the golden chord of prayer.

I will then merely recapitulate my leading arguments. The minister should *not* be called upon to serve in the capacity of a soldier, first, because he is not actually needed; there are hundreds of thousands of others, better able and better calculated to serve in the ranks. Secondly, in that capacity he could not

exert such an influence for good, or discharge his duty to God and man, as in his profession. Again, he has no right to lay aside his sacred obligations as an ordained minister of Christ, and serve in another capacity, unless in the most extreme case, and that extremity is not yet upon us. His vocation is not of his own choosing merely, but is a holy commission from the Most High, and he cannot, he *dare* not, hold it or cast it from him at pleasure, and if we believe at all that God's blessing follows and sanctifies the efforts of His ministers, if we believe that our nation owes its existence and present state of civilization to the spread of the Gospel, then we must believe that, were we deprived of the teachings and influence of these shepherds of Christ's flock, we would indeed relapse into a state of barbarism.

Christ spoke to the Christian Church in its infancy, and down through the ages that sacred voice is heard, now as then, saying: "Behold! I come quickly: hold that FAST which thou *hast*, that no man take thy crown."

BROOKLYN, March 24, 1863.

GOD'S POWER INSPIRED BY LOVE.

I TOSSED upon my bed at break of day;
False Sleep had fled my unrefreshed eyes,
And hovered here and there on poisèd wing,
Now bending low, to fan with gentle sweep
Of her dark pinion, my hot fever'd brow,
And then away; but at her near approach
The gentle undulation of the air,
Caused by the dreamy flapping of her wing,
As in her indecision, playfully
She neither came, nor went, and yet did both—
This gentle, wavy motion of the air
Would almost lull my sense to calm repose,
But hardly thus, when quickly would she soar,
And leave me to my sleepless rest alone.
The dreams, which during her short reign had held
Dominion over heart, and thought, and brain,
Now changed to waking thoughts, almost as vague

As dreams themselves; these fancies uncontroll'd,
And holding shadowy conclave in the realm
Where dreams run riot, shaped themselves at last,
And taking form, appeared in words like these:

How beautiful is nature! God doth give
Unto his children whom He loves so well
The power to gain, while gazing on His works,
Their highest pleasure and their lasting good.
Oh, could we bring our minds to see aright
These tokens of our Maker's endless power,
These proofs of our dear Father's matchless love,
We should live lives of greater purity,
We should be nearer and more like our God.
For what more fitted to inspire the heart,
Than all this vast display of constant care?
The mind devout, will rise from this fair scene,
From all its matchless beauty, and ascend
From viewing nature up to nature's God.
The mind *devout*, I say; for there *are* minds
Who see in nature naught but nature's self,
Who see no trace of love or power divine
Which sit supreme and govern over all.

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To these dull minds mere *nature* is a God,
For Pantheism has no eye of faith,
And will not credit what it cannot see.
Then there are those, again, who think that chance
Created nature; these will not admit
That God exists, or any other power
That governs all; they think the world was made
By chance, and chance *alone;* it *happened* so;
Things sprang up into life by their own power,
And may, at any time, spring back again;
Oh, dull, blind eyes! Oh, duller, blinder minds!
Oh, wicked hearts, which live, and move, and breathe,
And have your very being in God's love,
And yet will not acknowledge it to Him!
Come with me now, and gaze upon His works,
And let the view break those cold hearts of stone,
Bow those proud heads, and bend the knee in prayer.

Oh! as we gaze, could we but bring our minds
To grapple with the mysteries of Heaven,
To sound the depth of the Creator's plan,
To comprehend the *Thought* omnipotent
Which seems to permeate all forms of life,—

To ask, " Why is this grand display of power ?
" Why hang these worlds above us, high in space ?
" Why whirl they in their orbits, quick as thought,
" Nor clash, nor jar, but keep such perfect time
" Chanting the solemn music of the spheres ?"
Could we but have the power to penetrate
The veil which often hangs to our dim eyes
Between th' Almighty's motive and His work ;
Could we but understand the secret cause
Of this sublime display of God-like power ;
This beauteous world, these swift revolving spheres
Of morn and night, of day and month and year ;
Of season after season, perfect each
In its own full completeness, or in that
Which each one gives in turn unto the rest ;
Were we but fully conscious of the cause—
But stay—what is it that we wish to learn ?
Would ye know, why, and wherefore, all this is ?
Then list unto these solemn words which ring
Down through the ages, and to all mankind
Explain the mightiest mystery of time :
" For God the Father did so love the world
" That He most freely gave His only Son,

"That whosoe'er believing might not die,
"Might *not* be lost, but have eternal life;
"And that whoe'er depended on His love
"Might live with Him forever in the skies;
"Might dwell through all eternity with God."

Behold ye, then, the mystery of Heaven!
Behold, at last, Creation's secret shown!
That motive which could prompt the Lord to die,
Did likewise prompt Him, at Creation's dawn,
When first he hurled into the lap of space
This mighty world—this proof of His vast power;
When first, from out the dust, created man
Sprang into being, imaged after God,
With high and holy instinct, taught to know
The will of his Creator as his own.
Then sang the morning stars for very joy,
Then voice of angel and archangel rang,
And high the Heavenly diapason rose,
And shook the very vaults of Heaven with song.
Thus sprang creation, proof of God's great power,
Yet not His power alone,—nay, nay, *His love;*
For love supreme did first provoke this power

And gave it impulse; yes, 'twas love divine—
That love which prompted Him to save the earth—
Controll'd His impulse when He gave it birth.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Softly approaching, the still Summer evening
Throws its deep shadows o'er meadow and lea;
Now, by the bright eye of fancy discerning,
Spirits of loved ones around me I see.

Hushed are the accents which gladden'd the morning;
Stilled are the voices which rang through the day;
Gently and calmly the evening approaches,
Bathed in rich twilight by the sun's parting ray.

Darker and denser the evening shades gather;
Hushed is all tumult, while nature doth rest.
Now, we hold converse with spirits of loved ones
Who have gone on to the realms of the blest.

Tell us not, scoffer, that this is all fancy:
Nothing can equal the power of love;
'Tis by this passion we leave all things earthly,
And, through much suffering, reach Heaven above.

'Tis by our faith, and our heart's deep affections,
That we hold communion with Heaven above;
God is all perfect, and we are all sinful,
Yet this deep chasm is bridg'd o'er by love.

Thus, though the dark waves of death roll between us,
Though we may seek for our dear ones in vain,
Yet, on the wings of our love we may cross them,
And spirit with spirit hold converse again.

True, we admit, that no tangible presence
Dawns on our vision or startles our sight,
Yet, in the hour of heartfelt devotion,
We are then conscious that messengers bright

Hover around us, and bear our prayer upward,
Upward they bear it, unto that white Throne;
And through the love of our Father most holy,
In richest of blessings the answer comes down.

Thus we believe that the spirits of loved ones
Hover around us, and keep us from sin;
They who have reached the bright mansions before us,
Would, to those mansions, *our* fainting hearts win.

Thus, while the quiet of evening is falling,
While the rich twilight grows dusky and gray
Softly the mem'ries of loved ones steal o'er us,
Giving us proof they are not far away.

This is a holy hour. Hushed is all tumult;
The heart's fiery passions, with nature, at rest.
Thought follows thought through the vista of mem'ry,—
The *present* is lost, as we think on the past.

Thus may we ever, while treading life's pathway,
Dwell on the memories of lost ones beloved;
They are not *lost ones*, for Jesus has found them—
They from his presence shall ne'er be removed.

Let the rememb'rance of words of affection,
Let the rich memory of deeds done in love,
Soothe us in sorrow, and lighten affliction,
While o'er life's path we resignedly move.

Cherish most fondly each tender affection,
Hallowing the present with thoughts of the past:
Thus are we strengthened to bear life's affliction;
Thus are we fitted for Heaven at last.

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